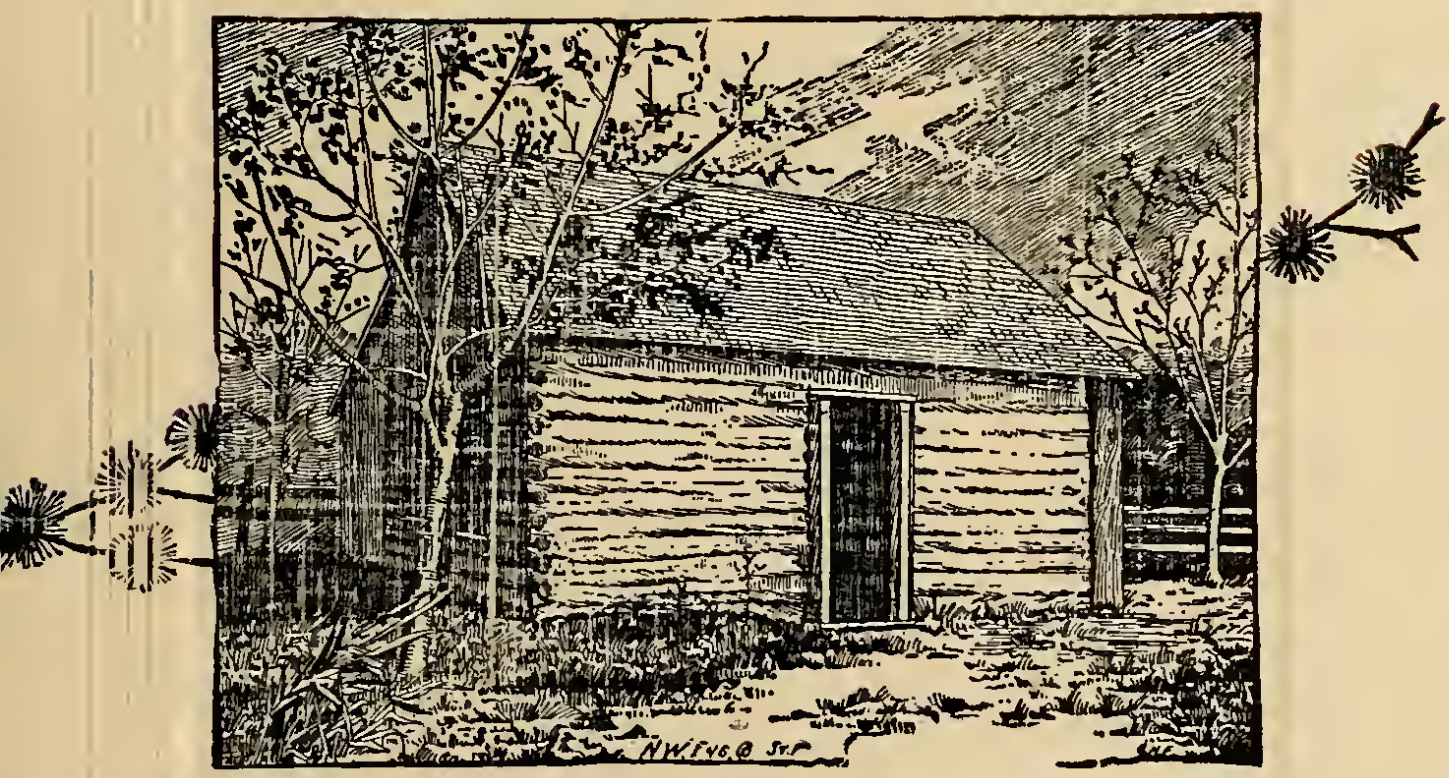
THE OLD LOG CABIN.



By LUCIAN B. WATKINS.

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Maternal Eden! Cradle of the night
Before the hailed Aurora of the dawn
Of present day.. Thy roof revealed the light
Of beck'ning stars, where many souls were drawn
In inspirations of a worthy aim
That marked the nucleus of a noble name.

The poor and lowly trusted to thy care
Found rugged strength and faith-inspired heart;
Thou gav'st the whisper with thy simple fare
That would not let the light of hope depart.
The fragrance of their forest-scented dream
Spoke ever of a human height supreme.

Thy gift is in the background of the past
Of many lives that tower in the sky;
The flicker of thy candle light is cast
In radiance manifold of blessings high.
Yea, many human pinnacles of earth
Walked from the portal of thy humble birth.

Though now eclipsed by present palace hall,
Where all the suns of civ'lization lay
The splendors of their beauties over all,
Thou art the father of the glowing day.
The White House of the blessed Lincoln goal
Was but the evolution of thy soul.

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